

whose immediate proximity the odor of the noble equine lingered, attracted by a Queen-street grocer's sign, "Bulk pickles, 15 cents p. qt.," stepped joyously into the store and demanded "a quart of them there pickled bulks." He was kindly undeceived, and has left the city, whose ways, he says, are ways of pleasantness, but in which the truth is not known.

A "scribe," discoursing in the Hamilton *Tribune* about the difficulty he experiences in sleeping in the morning on account of the hideous noises in the streets of the bayside hamlet where his paper is published, says, "When we want rest we will take a walk to some quiet village like Toronto, where busy, bustling sounds are unknown." Yes, he will 'walk,' (dead-head railway passes having passed away) but let him bear in mind that those policemen who tug-of-warred the hamlet bobbies so effectually across the chalk mark lately, have strict orders to arrest all tramps and vagabonds. Toronto is quiet at present, but if these Hamilton fellows are allowed to come walking over here, the Queen City serenity will soon be turned into a hideous pandemonium. Toronto policemen, watch ye the road that leadeth hither from Hamilton, and when ye see a tough, worn-out, disreputable-looking tramp legging it in this direction, know ye that it is a Hamilton "scribe," and point him back in the direction of Burlington Bay.

A law should be passed without delay compelling dressmakers to sew buttons on ladies' apparel so that they won't fly off every time the wearer sneezes. This reflection passed through our mind as we sauntered down Yonge-street the other morning. A few paces in front of us wore three girls, apparently respectable tailoresses or something of that kind. They all wore the same kind of dresses, buttoned up the back, or *meant* to be fastened in that way, but we observed that though there was accommodation for twenty buttons on each dress, there were several vacancies in the ranks. These vacancies were filled by raw recruits of every description. Number 1 girl had eight buttons missing, and the places of these articles, absent without leave, were taken by five pins, one hair-pin, which did duty for two of the absentees, and a broken garter buckle held the other buttonhole in its normal position. Number 2 maiden was, apparently, of the "if-you-don't-like-it-you-can-do-the-other-thing" style of femininity, for though four of her back buttons were somewhere else, not an attempt had been made to close the yawning apertures which gaped above her 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 11th dorsal vertebra. Number 3 girl was the best of the lot. All her buttons were gone but two, their places being temporarily supplied by a boot-lace running down in a serpentine fashion the whole length of her back. The effect was novel, though not aesthetic. Human ingenuity is, we believe, incapable of devising tortures sufficiently hideous and painful for those dressmakers who are the cause of such exhibitions as the one described (if any of our readers doubt the truth of this statement let them come with us and we will point out the exact spot on Yonge-street where we saw the three girls), but something ought to be done at once, for the matter is one before whose importance that of the advisability of throwing open the twenty feet square Gore Park of Hamilton to the public (the discussion concerning which is engrossing the most powerful intellects of the world), pales into insignificance and nothingness. Those dressmakers must go!

The pig finds a living in his pen and so does the editor. The similarity, however, ceases at this point.—*The Drummer.*



DRIVEN OFF THE ISLAND.
NO LIQUOR LICENSES TO BE GRANTED THIS YEAR!

SHE TOOK A SEAT.

SCENE I.

The dry goods store of Messrs. Snide, Cabbage & Co, who are opening up with renewed splendor after their periodical failure, having paid 1½ cents on the dollar. Clerks, clerkesses, salespersons, and all, as busy as bees, pasting tickets on goods. Here is a card bearing the legend—"Cheap, only \$2.08.—with an immense 2 and a microscopic 98: There another with "Below cost" on its face, thus breaking the eleventh commandment, and here are several large placards to be gummed on the frame above the "Latest Patent Corset." These cards say "All tone," and have been pasted on the back and laid face downward on several chairs handy to those affixing them to the frames, &c. in fact, wherever there is room for them. They are very numerous, for the "All Bone Corset" is just the 'qui vive' high-falutin, je ne sais pas' caper.

SCENE II.

Clerks (so called because they never write anything), &c., still busy. Enter a tall, gaunt female of the Sara B. type, yet, not past the age when a 'mash' is a thing of the goneby. She prices several articles and seats herself to worry the clerkesses, Ha, ha! they will be revenged.



SCENE III.

Gaunt female rises from her stool, and sails out of the door: she has bought nothing: nay, she is sold herself, for as she wends her way

down the street rude boys point at her, polite people turn round as she passes under pretence of looking to see if a street car is coming, but they catch sight of a good view aft of the gaunt female. They smile. The famished-looking one has sat on the patent corset cards, gummy side: This is what she proclaims to the world.

ALL BONE.

Ha! 'tis well.

ST. JAMES'.

Oh! Canon du Moulin of Montreal,
Whatever have you been after,
To fill up your nave with choir-men tall,
'Midst jeering, and frowns and laughter;
To preach in a white and surpliced gown,
To turn to the East—oh! horror!!!
We fear you're a terribly naughty man,
And will hear hard things to-morrow.

Now a surplice bears a wicked name,
'Tis the root of all that's evil,
'Tis worn by a church that's sunk in shame,
And is fashioned by the Devil
You may pray in it—oh! by all means, yes,
But preach in it never! never!
You must teach us our duty in sombre black,
Or we'll leave the church forever.

And then a procession, oh! fie! for shame!
'Tis an innovation vile;
It rouses our anger, the very name,
Especially up the aisle.
You must keep to the customs of long ago,
As our grandfathers worshipped we will
We're conservative to the very bone
And all that is new is evil.

F. E. DOWNES.



GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.

THE HONEST CASHIER.

There was Once an Old Farmer who had a Nephew who dwelt on the Farm with him, and one Day the Old Gentleman sent the Lad whose name was Willyum, to pay a Bill for him and gave him the Money to do so. But the Bill was less than the Old Man Ina-gin-ed and when Willyum had Paid it there remained Ten Cents over, and this Willyum put in his Pocket and said "The Old Hunks won't never know nothing about it, so I'd better Freeze to it," and he did so; but when the Ten Cents were spent Willyum's Conscience gnawed at him and he was Very Sad, and he vowed never more to Freeze to what was not his own; and he Suffered with his Conscience for a Long Time, and then felt better. And he grew up and became a Youth; and his Good, Kind Uncle had him made a Clerk in a Bank, which is a very High Rank in this Country, about E-qui-valent to that of a Dook in England, or a Count with a ribbon of the Legion of Honor in Fraunce. And Willyum rose and rose in the Bank till he became Cashier, and he could say "Haw, how'll y' take it, 'n go'd 'r nowtos?" just as if he owned the Bank, but the Re-mem-brance of the Ten Cents to which he had Stuck when he was a Boy was ever before him, and he was